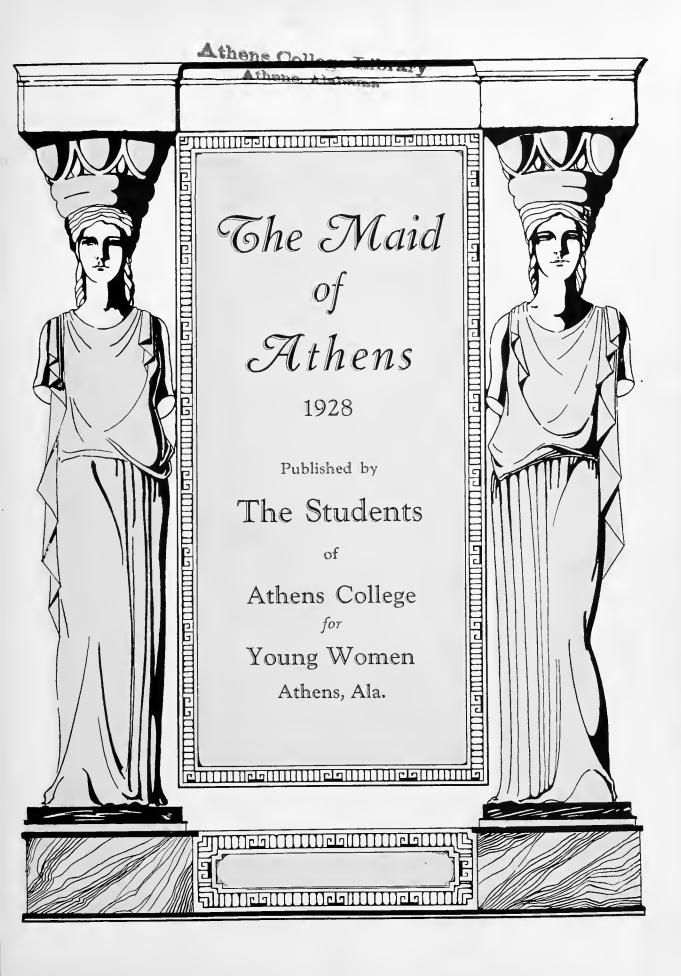


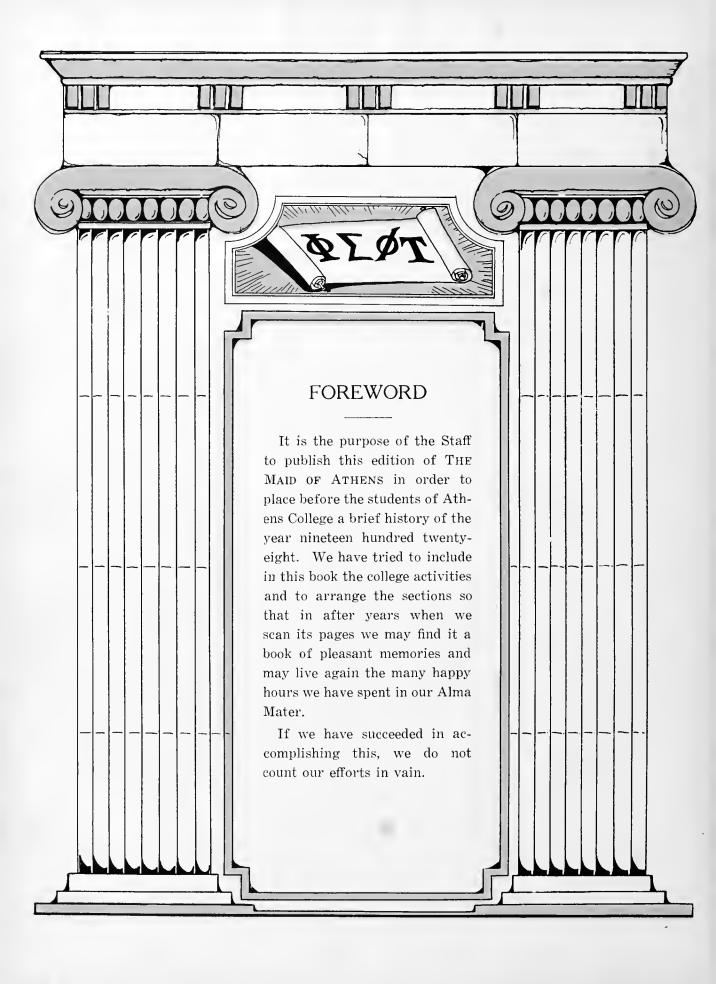


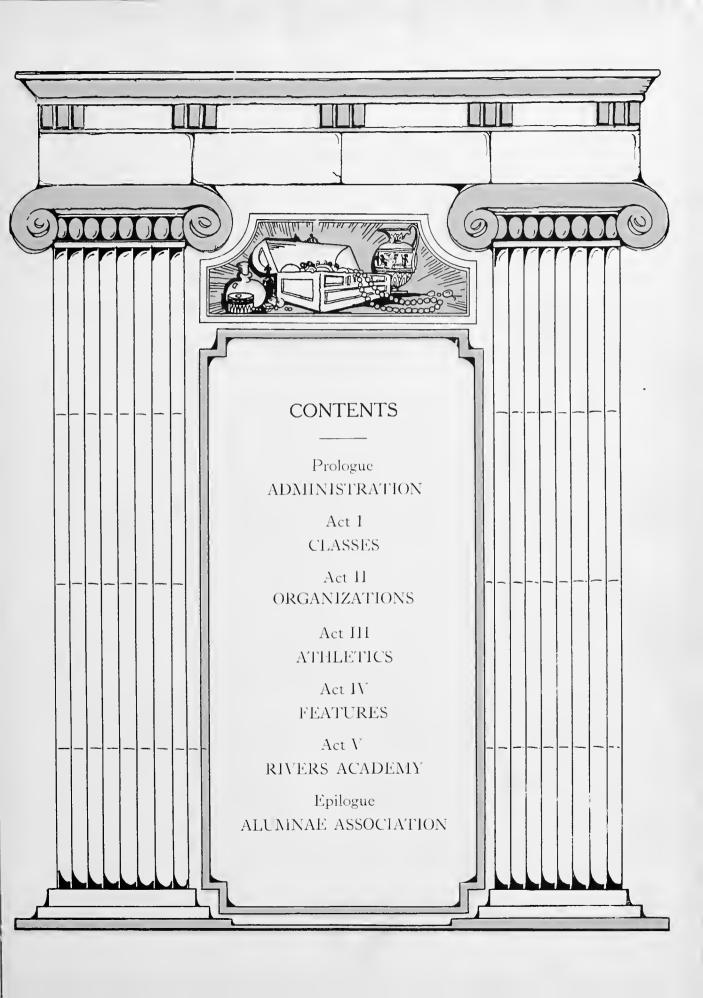


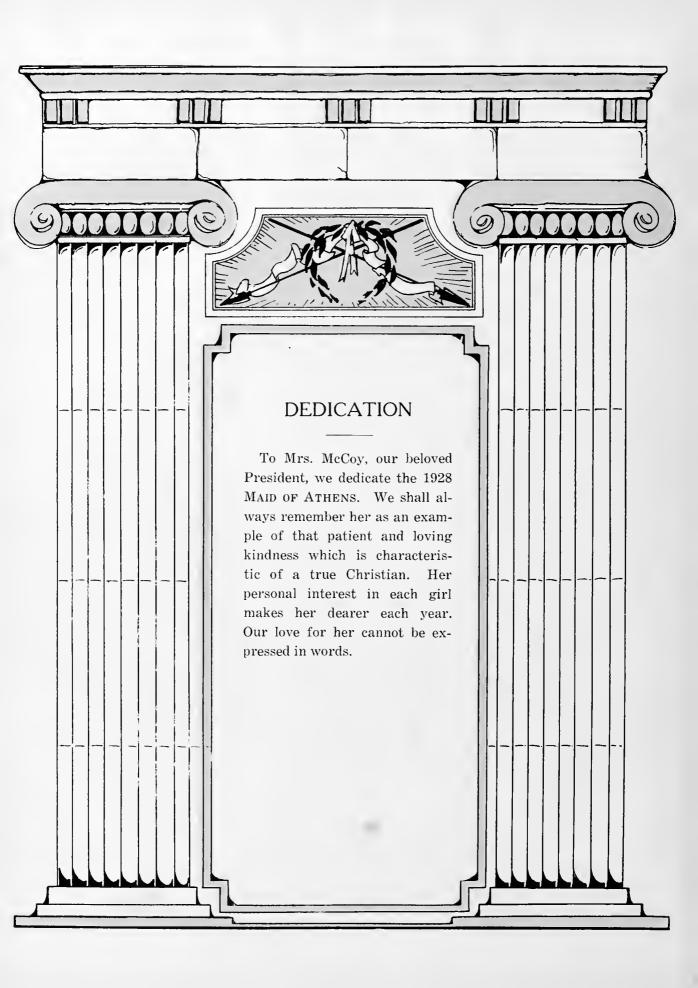
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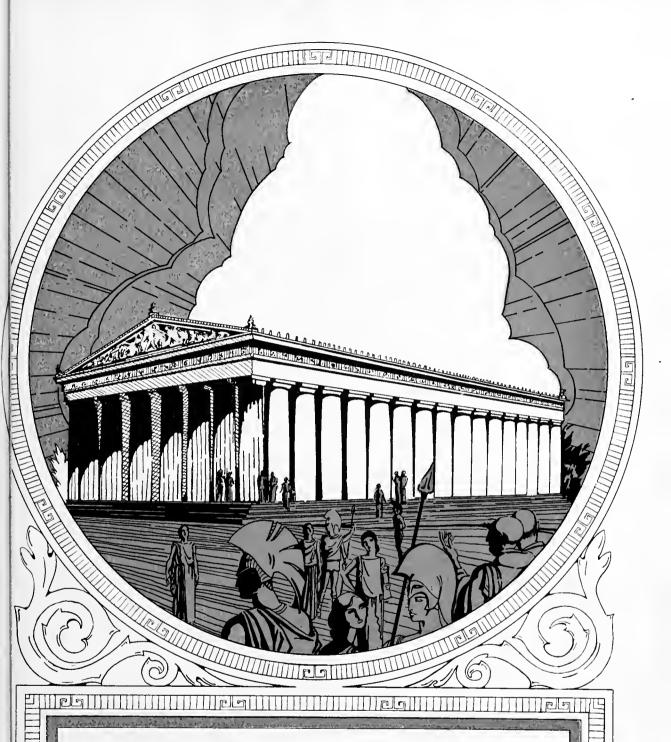






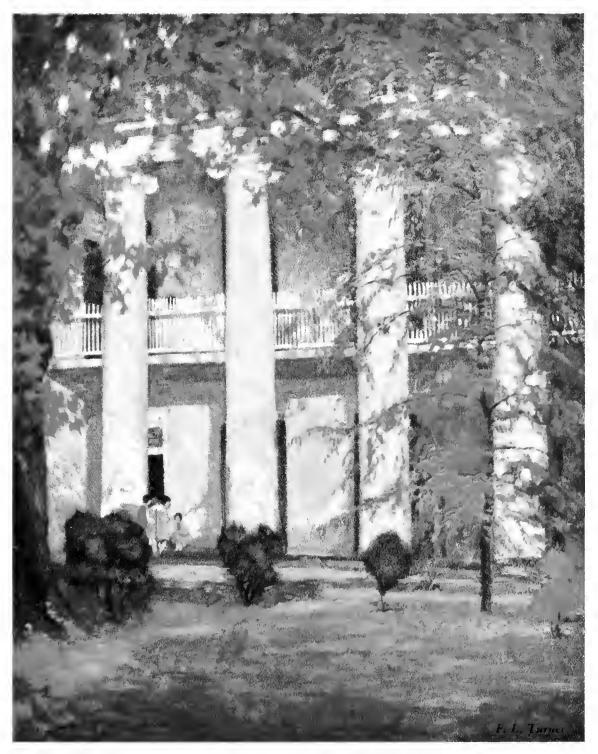
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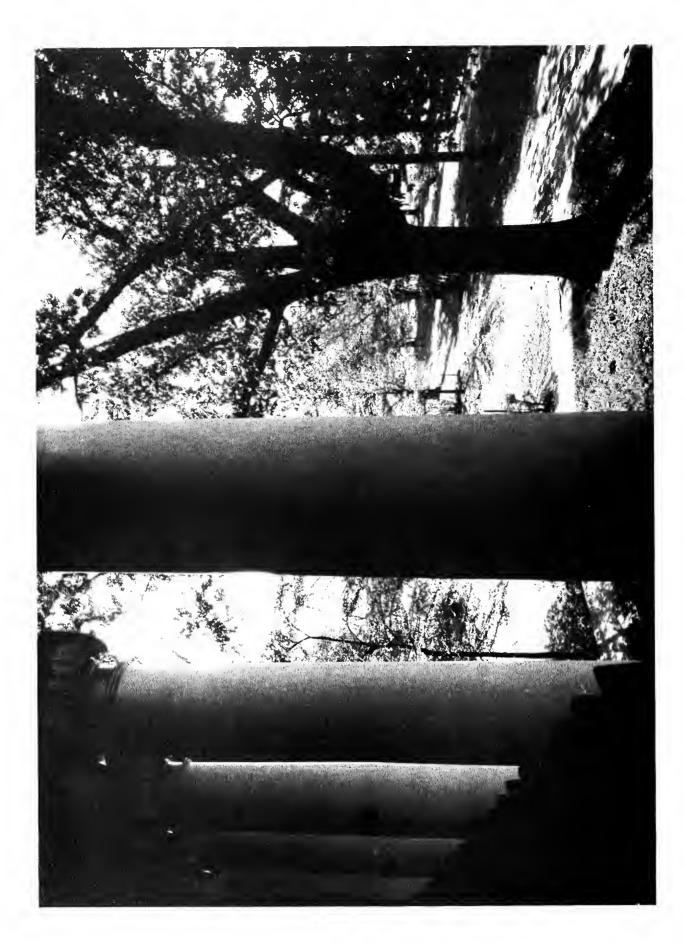




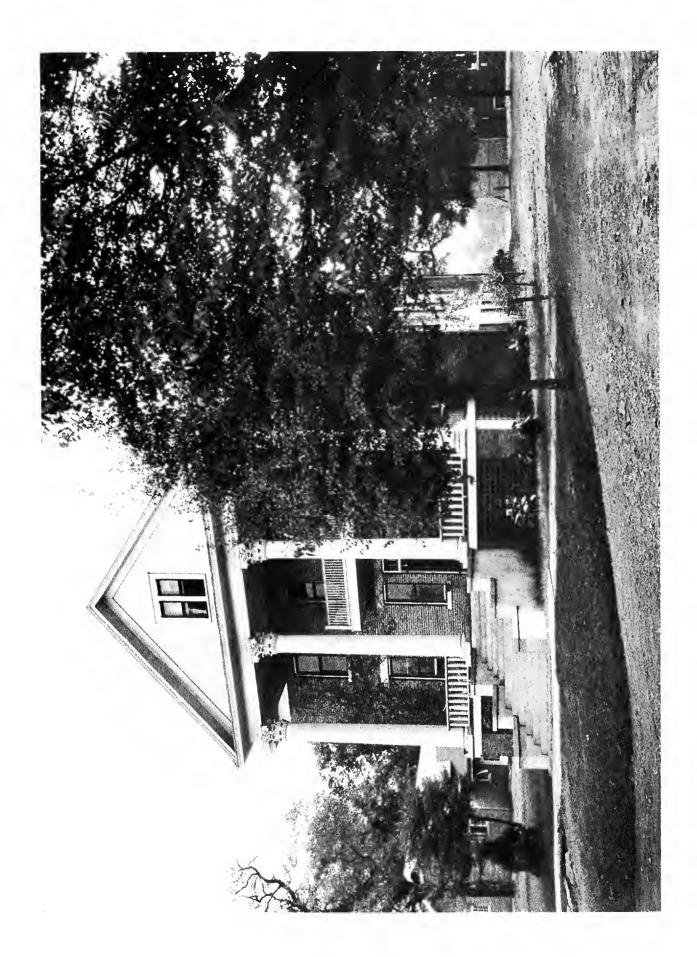
A splendor falls on Athens Halls, A scene of beauty, a joy forever.

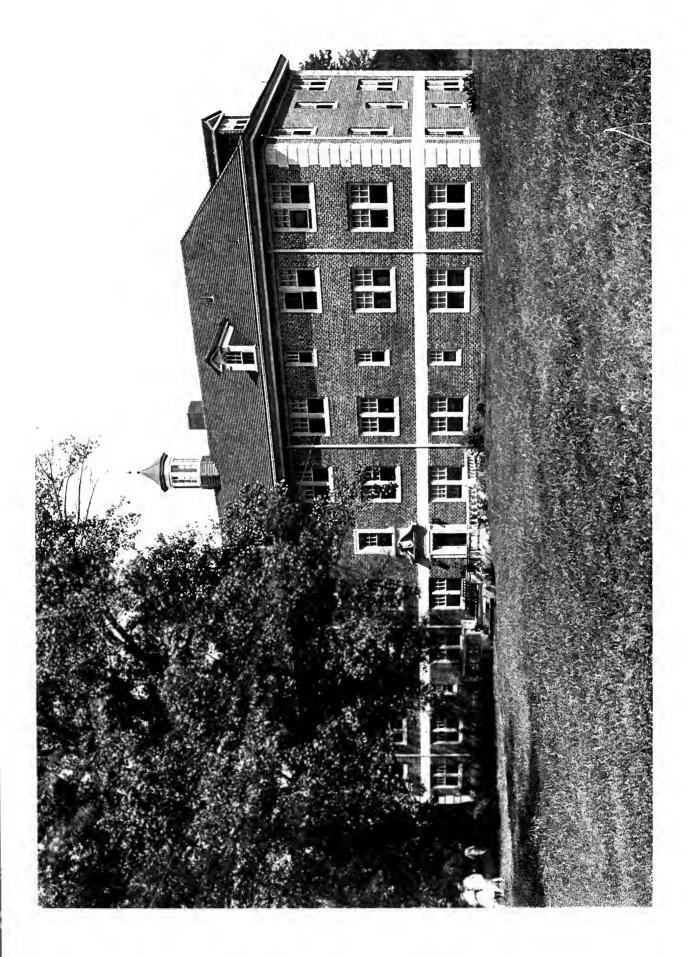
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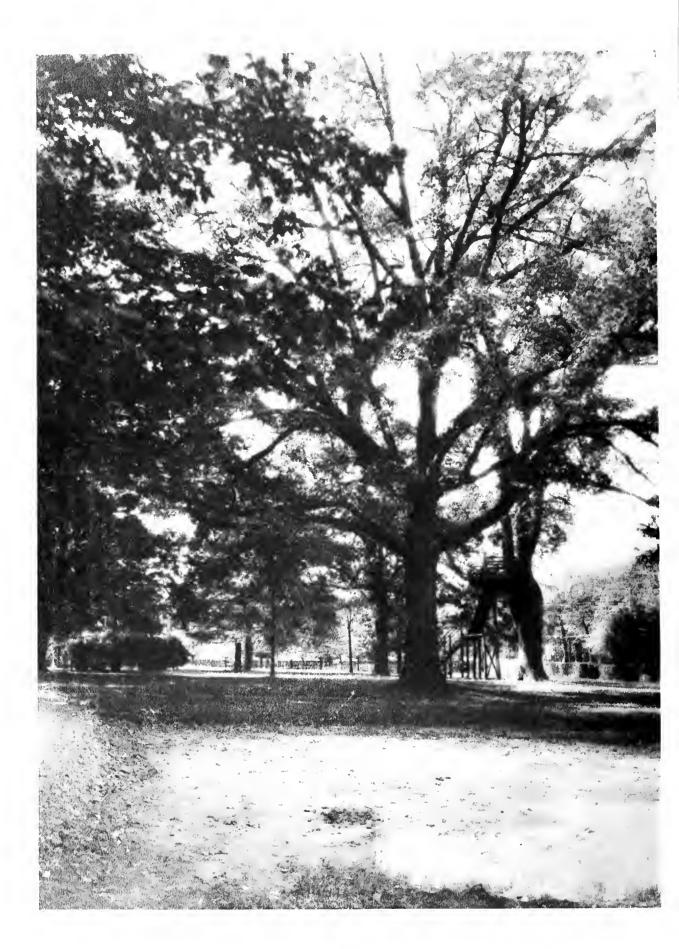














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Professor of Latin and Spanish

DR. W. J. HAGAN College Physician

MRS, ETHEL M. HAGOOD Nurse

ALICE HEAP, A.B., A.M. University of Tennessee, Professor of Science

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Maid of Athens





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MRS. ROBERT H. McCONNELL, B.S. Alabama State College; Graduate Student. College Dictitian

HATTIE MAE PARKER

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Vanderbilt University; University of Michigan. Professor of French

GRACE ROWLAND, B.S. Peabody College for Teachers Instructor in Rible

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Professor of Mathematics

MRS. E. K. TURNER

New York Art Students' League; Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

Professor of Art

NELDA E. WERNEKE

Graduate and Postgraduate of De Pauw University School of Music: Pupil of Severin Eisenberger, Berlin, Germany: Pupil of Howard Wells, Chicago, and of Madame Melville Liszniewska, Cincinnati.

Professor of Piano

MRS. ELIZABETH WHEELER, B.A. Hostess, Sanders Hall





Maid of Athens

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. Secretary
Treasurer



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President of Dramatic Club.
Member of Latin Club.
Member of French Club.
Member of Art Club.
Member of Tennessee Club.
Member of Cosmopolitan Club.

JEWEL HULGAN



Soph, Sister

EMILY NEVILLE



Soph. Sister

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English

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Vice President of Latin Club.
Member of Phi Sigma Literary Society.
Member of Dramatic Club.
Member of Glee Club.
Member of Tennis Club.
Member of French Club.



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Home Economics

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Member of Home Economics Club.
Vice President of Sigma Delta Literary Society.
Vice President of Student Government.
President of Student Council.
President of Home Economics Club.
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
Member of Glee Club.

ETHEL COOKE



Soph. Sister

MARY MORELOCK



Soph. Sister

REBEKAH FENNELL, A.B.

English

English
President of Dramatic Club, '25.
Certificate in Expression, '25.
Diploma in Expression, '26.
President of Dramatic Club, '26.
Vice President of Spanisb Club, '28.
Sigma Delta, '25-'28.
Art Club, '28.
Music Club, '25-'26.
Hiking Captain.
Horseback Riding Captain.
Swimming Captain.



ANNIE MYRTLE MASON, B.S.

Home Economics

Member of Sigma Delta Literary Society. Member of Home Economics Cluh. Member of French Club. Member of Art Club.





Soph. Sister

VERDA SIMMS



Soph. Sister

SARAH EUNICE MURPHY, A.B. "Andy Murphy"

French

Member of the Sigma Delta Literary Society; Member of the Mathematics Club, '25, '26; Vice President of the Sigma Delta Literary Society, '25; Varsity Baskethall Team, '25, '26, '27, '28; Captain of the Baskethall Tcam, '26; Treasurer of the Sigma Delta Literary Society, '26; Member of the Latin Club, '26; Vice President of the Athletic Association, '26; Assistant Editor of THE Man of Athens, '27; Vice President of Le Cercle Français, '27; Riding Captain, '27; Editor of The Maio of Athens, '28; President of Le Cercle Français, '28; Member of the ''A'' Club, '28; Secretary of the Senior Class, '28; Vice President of the Athletic Association, '28; Member of the Birmingham Club, '28; Member of the Spanish Club, '28; Awarded the Sanders Scholarship Medal, '25, '26, '27.



SARAH MAE ORMAN, B.S., B.M.

Mathematics

Phi Sigma Literary Society. Glee Club. Class Secretary, '25, '26, '27. Class Treasurer, '28. Secretary-Treasurer of Glee Club, '27. Mathematics Club, '25. Rhythmic Orchestra, '27, '28.

ERMA WEBB



Soph, Sister

MARY SCOTT



Soph. Sister

Edna Marguerite Reeves, A.B. "Peggy"

English

President of Freshman Class; One of the Brauties of The Maid of Athens, '25; President of Sophomore Class; President of Latin Club, '26; Cheer Leader of Sophomore Class; College Cheer Leader in Sophomore year; President of Junior Class; Junior Representative of Student Council; Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '27; President of Sigma Delta Literary Society; President of Senior Class; Business Manager of The Maid of Attiens, '28; Senior Representative of Student Council; College Cheer Leader in Senior year; May Queen in '28.



ANNIE BEADLES SANDERS, A.B. "Bebe"

English

Member of Mathematics Club, '25.
Maid of Honor in May Court, '25.
Member of Sigma Delta Literary Society.
Member of Latin Club.
Secretary and Treasurer of Latin Club.
Member of French Club.
Senior Representative of Annual Staff.

MARGARET YOUNG WALL



Soph, Sister

MABEL ORR



Soph. Sister

LILA WRAY SLOAN, B.S. English

Member of Sigma Delta Literary Society. Member of Art Club. Member of Inter-Society Debating Club.



MARIEBETH TATUM, A.B.

English

Secretary of Student Board, '27.
Vice President of Phi Sigma Literary Society, '27.
President of Dramatic Club.
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '27.
One of the Beauties in The MAID OF ATHENS, '27, in Junior year
Senior Class Reporter to the "Crow's Nest."
One of the Beauties in The MAID OF ATHENS, in Senior year.

MEMORIE GRAY HOLT



Soph. Sister

MARY ELIZABETH RUTLEDGE



Soph. Sister

JIMMIE FAY WHITLEY, A.B.

English

Treasurer of Sigma Delta Literary Society. Scoretary of Dramatic Club, '26. Member of Mississippi Club, '28. Treasurer of Sophomore Class, '26. Treasurer of Y. W. C. A. Vice President of Senior Class. Member of Mathematics Club, '26.



TEMPIE WYNN, B.S.

Home Economics

Member of Phi Sigma Literary Society. Member of Home Economics Club. Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '28. Member of Preachers' Daughters' Club, '28. Member of Art Club.

EDITH DUNAWAY



Soph. Sister

ELIZABETH FASON



Soph. Sister

FRANCES LUCILE YARBROUGH, B.S.

Home Economics

Member of Sigma Delta Literary Society. Member of Home Economics Club. Member of French Club. Member of Art Club.





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OFFICERS

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Oni Allgood ,					Vice President
INFLIE HAMILTON			Sec	retary and	Treasurer





)[[[[[[[]]]]]]]]



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Margaret Ross DOROTHY LANE RUTLAND JOEFFYE G. STREATER







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PAULINE WOOD
BIRTIE LEE WOODROOF





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Lucy Haywood Binford										Vice President
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SOPHOMORES

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DOROTHY BENAGH

ALMA BULLINGTON LE

PAULINE CAGLE

MILDRED CALDWELL

ETHEL COOKE

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Edith Mae Dunaway Catherine Lorene Freeman LeRuth Glaze Bertha Barker Bessie Barker Lutie Mae Eastep





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Mary Lee Madry NAN ELEANOR McLellan EMALICE McWilliams MARY LOUISE MORELOCK BETTIE LOU HORTON







SOPHOMORES

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HELEN MAYE NABORS
ELLA MAE NEILL
EMILY STUART NEVILLE
MABLE CLAIRE ORR

EVELYN ELIZABETH RICHARDS MARY ELIZABETH RUTLEDGE TRESSIE SIMS VERDA SIMS MILDRED CALDWELL





SOPHOMORES

Annie Wade Street Augusta Turner EVELYN McTyre Waldrop MARGARET YOUNG WALL

ERMA WEBB Mabel Pearlene Wilcoxson MARY RUTH YOUNG



SOPHOMORE CLASS SONG

We, the Sophomores of '28, Proclaim our loyalty. We're the best in the land; Our class is a band; For right and learning we stand. Rah! Rah!

We're the peppiest c'ass, Sophomores; We lead Athens College in fun. Our spirit is best of all, Our service is at thy call, O, Athens, mother mine!

Unfurl our glorious colors—Red and White; Lead on our valiant classmates in their delight To love and honor always Alma Mater; We each and every are thy daughters.

We'll make the old halls ring with laughter bright, I'or we have two more years with you in sight To love and cherish till our caps and gowns Take us from our college grounds.

—EVELYN NEILL, '29.

JUNIOR CLASS POEM

Three short years of working, climbing, Onward, upward toward our goal, Ever seeking, ever striving, Not for greed and not for gold.

We have met along the pathway
Many hardships, many cares;
We have struggled to help others,
Seeking always their burdens to share.

Nearing the goal—ah, "Junior sisters," Looking ahead to another great year, Let us be braver, truer fighters; No time for sorrow, nor for a tear.

Let us look back on our failures and victories, Leaving them there with only a word: "When we have fought and lost, it has been fair; When we have fought and won, we've played it square."

Lift our old torch up to its highest; You hear the last call, "Carry on!" Our records may not all be the finest; There's room at the top; "Carry on!"

—Sara Riggs, '29.





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Lora Lee DeLoach President WILDA JANE GARRISON® Secretary and Treasurer







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MARGUERITE ALMON
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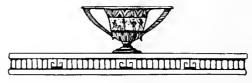




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BEATRICE BROWN FRAZER
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BETTY PASS
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MARGARET PRIDE

Viola Prince Rowena Reid Mary Rudisell Barbara Sarver Jessie Mae Sandlin







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Margaret Ross .
Elise Hall . .
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Mariebeth Tatum
Dorothy Lane Rutland
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Mariebeth Tatum LOUISE WHITE Mabel Wilcoxson Erma Webb JANIE RAGAN MARGARET PRIDE LILLIAN MCALLISTER Annie Wade Street Lora Lee DeLoach RUBY GOWENS







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EVELYN WALDROP
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Oni Allgood
Wilda Jane Garrison
Evelyn Waldrop
Isabelle Simmons
"D'Jot" Streater
Lora Lee DeLoach
Mariebeth Tatum
Jimmy Fay Whitley
Emily Neville

Mary Rudisill
Mabel Orr
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Erma Webb			 ,	. Pianist

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ROSALIND BOGGS CLARA COPELAND MILDRED CALDWELL ROWENA REID PAULINE WOOD EVELYN McDonald Julia Lovin HARRY ALLEN CARL RICHTER PAULINE WALKER Jimmie McCoy Ross Starkey

Rhythmic Orchestra

Sarah Orman GRACIA SANDERSON RUTH ELLIOT MARY NELLE SMITH JANE GARRISON
VIRGINIA CALDWELL
MABEL WHEELER
CLARA MAE RILEY
MINNIE C. SIDES Mary Yarbrough Wilma Rice LORENE FREEMAN





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MARGARET ROSS
MARIEBETH TATUM
AILLDRED TURNER
MARGARET YOUNG WALL
RUTH YOUNG
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MARGARET CLEMENTS Y ACHEY
VIRGINIA CALDWELL Y DYE
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GLADYS JENKINS Y PITCHFOOD
MARY TURNER KELLY Y PHILLIPS
MARY MADRY Y ELKINS
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LENA MCGREGOR Y JOHNSON
FLORENCE MOORE Y LEY
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JANIE RACAN Y BINFORD
WILMA RICE Y HOWARD
SARAH RIGGS Y TAYLOR
GRACE ROBERTS Y WISSON

MARY RUDISILL Y FENDLEY
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MARY ELLIS SPOTTS Y SHELTON
JULIA TOTHEROW Y PETTUS
HELEN YARROUGH Y EVANS
MABEL ORR Y TAYLOR
EVELYN WALDROP Y WILLIAMSON
"D'JOT" STREATER Y GARGIS
MILDREO CALDWELL Y POOR
EUNICE MURPHY Y COPELAND
JULIA LOVIN Y WITTY
EVELYN RICHARDS Y BROCK
DOROTHY BENACH
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EMALICE MCWILLIAMS Y COLE
M. Y, WALL Y GRIFFIS

NAN JONES
ELIZABETH BELL
FLORENE BELL
IVALEE FAUST
ELSTE LEE MCKENSIE
EDITH TAYS
ELIZABETH DAVIS
BESSIE MAE DAWSON
LORENE FREEMAN
JANE GARRISON
MILORED POTT
MARGARET ROSS Y WOODWARD
BARBARA SARVER Y SPAIN
CHRISTINE SPEARMAN
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MEN
HAZEL CORNELIUS
LORA LEE DELOACH
MARGARIT ELLIS
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FAILY PASS
ADELE POLYTINSKY
MARGARET PRIDE
FANIT RAGAN
ROWENA REID
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WILMA RICE
MARGARET ROSS MARGARIT ROSS MARY RUDISILL

Annii B. Sanders
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Mary Scott
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Christine Spearman
Mary Ellis Spotts
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Annie Wade Street
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Lula Totherow
Frma Webb
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Mabel Wilconson
Birtif Lit Woorroot
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Mary Elizabeth Rutledge CHARLYN GODBEY
MARGUERITE REEVES CLEO BARBER

Nena Joe Cantreli. Sarah Riggs EUNICE MURPHY BEATRICE FRAZER







T SQUARE CLUB

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IESSIE	BOURNE	Nashville, Tenn.
ALICE	HEAP	. Knoxville, Tenn
Ruth	Lassitur	Nashville, Tenn
FRANC	ES L. YEARLY	Galesburg, Ill

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JULIET CANNON	Shelbyville, Lenn. Murfreesboro, Tenn.		Ardmore, Tenn.







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LOUISE HUMMEL

Lillian McAllister Myra Milford





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KATHERINE MOORE .											Se	ecre	eta	ry	and Treasurer
Miss Mary Hunt			•			-	٠		-	•			•		Sponsor

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IVELLE HAMILTON .				 Ne	w Albany, Mississippi
Mary Ellen Henders	,				. Miami, Florida
Nan Jones					Marfa, Texas
Florence Moore					
Katherine Moore					Hopewell, Virginia
Mildred Pott					. Waynesboro, Louisiana
Edith Tays					. Booneville, Mississippi
Lila Tays			,		. Booneville, Mississippi
Mildred Turner .					
JIMMY FAY WHITLEY				. 1	Booneville, Mississippi
Miss Mary Hunt					Cooper, Texas





ACT III ATHLETICS

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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

Effie Ozley . EUNICE MURPHY ... D'JOT" STREATER MISS HATTIE MAE PARKER

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CHEER LEADERS

"Peggy" Reeves Sara Gay Mabel Ann Farrington Jean Morris "Jot" Streater Mary Rudishl







THE "A" CLUB

OFFICERS

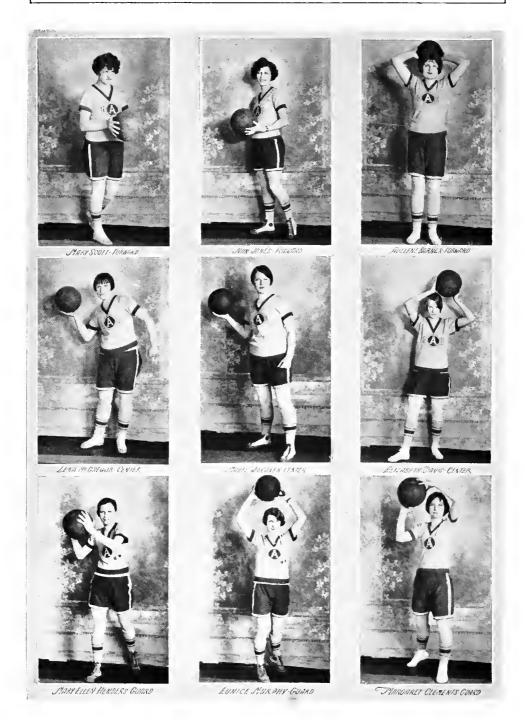
Nan Jones Miss Hattie Mae Parker Miss Mary C. Pittman President Physical Director Sponsor

Effie Ozley Mary Scott MEMBERS Oni Allgood Mary Ellen Henders

Eunice Murphy Mabel Wilcoxson









WE'RE IN THE CAVALRY NOW!

ES, we are seasoned troopers. One day near the first of October we were calmly enjoying lunch, when, after a heavy knock on the table, Miss Parker arose and made this announcement: "Good news, girls! Mrs. McCoy has arranged with Captain French for you to enjoy the great sport of horseback riding this year. Ten of you can go at once. How many of you want to go this afternoon, Pills and the sergeant brought out ten horses, and there were always riders waiting to take the horses. We each asked the Captain, "Which horse must I ride?" and, indicating a certain horse, "Is this a good one?" We always received the same reply: "They are all good. I don't bring any out here but the good ones." After a few weeks, Miss Parker gave one of her student assistants charge of the horsehack riding. Still the riding fever raged, despite the fact that novices stilly dismounted and declared that they would never again ride a cavalry horse, because they have only three gaits, and walking is too slow, trotting is too jolting, and galloping is too fast. It was really delightful galloping out the Wellswood Road or out one of the highways and cutting through necks of woods. Riding two and two where the road was wide enough, we felt very soldierly, even though the formation was not always regular. Then riding as troopers (single file) through the brilliant autumn woods as the sun was sinking in the West, or splashing through the little streams, gave us the thrill of adventure and romance.

November came, with colder weather and approaching winter. The interest in riding paled a little as allowances grew low, and the assistant could hardly find riders for the horses. So a club was formed of those who wished to ride regularly, and a party of ten went twice a week. Monday and Wednesday afternoons. It was after one of these rides that one of the crowned heads of Europe came on our campus in the person of Miss Heap. I can still hear her saying: "Whoa, Cannon: whoa!" But Cannon kept on galloping. When Captain French raced up and stopped him sud

The next week and those following she rode Cannon again.

One of these November afternoons seven of the girls were startled to see Captain French hastily give Hal a sharp kick and speedily disappear down the road for no apparent reason. But the reason was, as the girls discovered when they gained the top of the hill, three certain young ladies who were exceptionally fond of riding fast were far out of sight. Even though these three were the best horsewomen in school, Captain French had become worried, because they had been far ahead for some time, and deemed it necessary to pursue them. When he had overtaken them, he found that all was well and that they were just enjoying a little race. Nevertheless, he rebuked them severely, and they promised never to run ahead of the crowd area.

the crowd again.

the crowd again.

December came, and thoughts of Christmas filled the girls and emptiness their purses. The twenty regular riders dwindled to ten. The horses came on Monday afternoons only. It was in this month that one of the girls, a regular rider, attempted to wrench from Miss Heap her title. On the first attempt the horse and rider disagreed suddenly as to which direction they would take; so their ways parted. The rider, sensing her loss of equilibrium, jumped and landed lightly on all fours without even soiling her hands. The next week this pretender to the crown made her second attempt. She was riding Joe, the dearest horse of all, when he became frightened by a dog and bucked, literally pitching his rider from the saddle. The rider was totally unconscious that anything unusual had happened until she landed with a thud on the ground. Joe, who had been trotting, stopped and politely waited for his uninjured rider to

We all mourned the sale of—you know, the nag that reminded you of a steam roller. We rejoiced that riding captains, Murphy and Morris, settled the question as to who would ride Dynamite by agreeing to

take turns the rest of the year.
"Ride 'im, Cowboy!" Kelley, you staged a rodeo of your own that afternoon you so gallantly rode the colt, but the spectators did not enjoy it any more than you did. No, indeed! But we admire your courage and horsemanship.

and horsemanship.

Several of the girls became infected with the desire to learn to hurdle. If they saw a measuring worm in the road, they would attempt to hurdle it. They hurdled everything, from ditches to bales of hay, and they succeeded admirably. We have some budding "Buffalo Bills" among us.

An eventful month was December. We were greatly grieved when we learned that riding Captain Caldwell had requested Captain French to discontinue bringing our noble steed, the big black horse, because every time he brought him there was an argument as to who would have the privilege of riding him. January came, bringing colder weather; and it impossible to beg, bribe, or persuade enough girls to go riding to order the horses. So we did not even see a horse.

February came and went as January did.

The March wind was lenient, and allowed us one exhilarating ride.

In the spring a college girl's fancy turns to thoughts of outdoor sports. Riding being first in our hearts, there was a demand for horses every time we went during the showery month of April.

In the spring a college girl's fancy turns to thoughts of outdoor sports. Riding being first in our hearts, there was a demand for horses every time we went during the showery month of April.

Then came the glorious month of May—glorious in many ways. We went regularly once a week over the same roads and paths that we had traversed in the fall. Though everything presented a different aspect, nature was none the less beautiful. The green trees were peopled with birds of many colors and many songs. Where dry leaves had been, there were wild flowers. As we rode on those beautiful afternoons, we sang and talked—talked of many things. We talked of how we enjoyed riding this year and how much we appreciated this wonderful opportunity that had been given us. We spoke of what a successful riding year it had been, as every one had thoroughly enjoyed it and no one had been hurt. Then we would lapse into silence; and as the May breeze stirred the leaves overhead. I would think of a little bit of a poem I learned several years ago: bit of a poem I learned several years ago:

"Leaf again, life again, love again, song again—Yes, my wild little poet."

To this I added:

"And soon home again. Don't we know it!

Those who don't ride walk, and the roads and highways leading from Athens have taken their toll of college girls' shoe leather, because the hikers are many and the hikes frequent. -M. L. C., '30,







Above—RIDING CLUB

Below-HIKING CLUB

RIDING CLUB CAPTAINS

Mary Ellen Henders Eunice Murphy Jean Morris MILDRED CALDWELL Effie Ozley Mary Scott

JEAN McCoy Jimme Faye Whitley Rebekah Fennell

HIKING CLUB CAPTAINS

ELIZABLTH BELL TEMPLE WYNN FLORENCE MOORE JULIA TOTHEROW GLADYS HUGHEY LOUNETTE FAUST ELISE HALL REBEKAH FENNELL Edith Tays Jimmie Fay Whitley Sara Gay Elsie Lee McKenzie JANIE RAGAN Wilma Rice Pauline Wood Ivalee Faust







Above—Gymnasium Class

Below-Tennis Club







SWIMMING CLUB

THE LIFE GUARDS

MILDRED CALDWELL, Captain LENA McGREGOR Jean Morris Mildred Turner Annie Wade Street

Frankie Brown Grace Waldrop Louise Sarver

MATTIE DAVISON ROSALIND BOGGS Elizabeth Morelock





ACTIV FEATURES

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ELECTIONS

Long, long ago, when another Athens held sway in another land of learning, men believed that the gods selected certain ones to whom they gave care and blessing. We, too, believe that there are those among us who rather truly typify the ideals for which we all strive. Accordingly, the student body has elected the girls who appear in the following pages to represent the college types of 1928.

Not as the select creatures of far-off marble gods and goddesses, but as daughters of the living principles of beauty, wisdom, and sportsmanship, we present these our chosen types in the "Who's Who" of Athens College.



NAN ALLEN JONES
BEAUTY



JANE PERRY NICHOLS
BEAUTY



FLORENCE ARCHER MOORE
BEAUTY



MARGUERITE PHILLIPS BRIGGS
BEAUTY



MARIEBETH TATUM
BEAUTY



MARY ELLIS SPOTTS
BEAUTY



EDNA MARGUERITE REEVES
MAY QUEEN





















GIRLS FROM EVERYWHERE

Watch those Alabamians catch that L. and N., Bound for every corner of this State we're in, Each one with her hat box, pushing Georgians on, While the Virginians grumble and the Texans moan.

There goes Mary Ellen from the "Sunshine State;" She's from dear ole Florida. "Run, you'll be too late!" Watch the pennants sparkle on the luggage there; Count "Ole Miss" among them, see her maidens fair.

Big ones, skinny ones, tall ones, girls from everywhere, Girls from Colorado, dark-brown eyes and hair. Tennessee for musicians—can they catch the train?—Virginia grabs her hat box and calls to "Pokey" Jane.

Well, they're almost loaded, bound for Birmingham.
"Pack those boxes closer, give that door a slam!"
Every girl seems happy to be going home.
"I wonder if we've missed one? Are there any yet to come?"

"Wait there, Mr. Flagman; here're some more to go! Load up, Louisiana; don't be so awful slow!" The engine surges forward with its feminine avoirdupois. "Open the doors; stop that train; Boggs goes to Illinois!"

Down the tracks, 'tis too late, the engine makes the bounds, And the college will be silent—no sweet, girlish sounds. But before the summer's over and September's here at last, They'll all be facing Athens, wishing vacation were past.

—SARAH RIGGS, '29.





CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SEPTEMBER

- 14. Opening exercises. "Hello! Howdy! Hey, everybody! What did you do this
- summer?"
 Y. W. C. A. reception.
- Real work. 17.

- 19. New students still coming.23. Faculty recital.29 to October 7. Spink, spank, spunk! Initiating the "Rats." Whoopie!

OCTOBER

- Organization of the clubs.
- "Sophs" doctor Freshmen's ills with a camp-fire picnic. Mr. M. H. Joachim, from India, lectures.
- 15. Mr. M. H. n. soac 24. Faculty reception.
- 28. Our first glimpse of Mrs. Chapman. (More later.) 31. Sh! Hush! Spooks and goblins! Halloween!

NOVEMBER

- Cherniavsky Trio, instrumentalists.
- 25. 26. Phi Sigma-Sigma Delta debate.
- Russian Cossack Chorus.
- 29. Scout dance.

DECEMBER

- Inter-Society basketball game.
- 7. Examinations. Our doom! Many new signs unknown to the faculty.
- "Once in a Blue Moon"—in Athens and in Huntsville, too. Rah, rah, rah! Basketball Team leaves for tour!
- 8. "Once in a Blue Moon"—in Athens and in Hur 14. Rah, rah, rah! Basketball Team leaves for tou 17. Three Hi's for Santa Claus! 18 to January 3. "Wonder where the gang is now?"

JANUARY

- School again. "What did give you?"
- New Year's party.
- 10.
- Polly's experiences while in Detroit.

 Guilty conscience? "Mr. Sullivan is unable to come to make pictures to-day. I hope none of us are responsible," announced Miss Pittman.
- 20. Dr. Dorsey speaks.

FEBRUARY

- 13. Phi Sigmas entertain Sigma Deltas.
- 17. Phi Sigmas win over the Sigma Deltas in debate.
- "Andy" Murphy requests that all faculty members please come dressed the following day,
- Coyote Basketball Team wins over Auburn.
- 24-26. Student Volunteers meet in Athens College.
- 26. Tony Sarg Marionettes.

MARCH

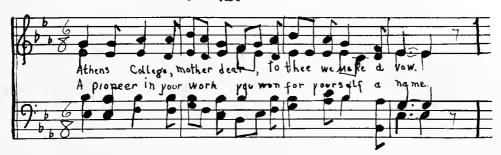
- Late hours—not with a "date." "These awful exams!"
- 13. Sudden change in schedule.
- Our second glimpse of the famous author, Mrs. Katherine Hopkins Chapman. Stunt Night. Faculty loses the cup to Dramatic Club. 15.
- 16-18. Other glimpses of the famous author.
- 28. Earnest Hutcheson, pianist.30. Organ-Voice recital, given by Misses Sara Gay and Sarah Riggs.
- 31. Miss Murphy announces in chapel: "Certain Staff officers and the faculty advisor(s) (?), Miss Pittman and I, have made the following nominations for the 'Who's Who' Section." Laughter. Wonder why?

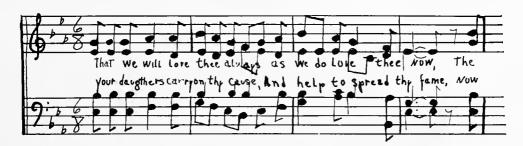
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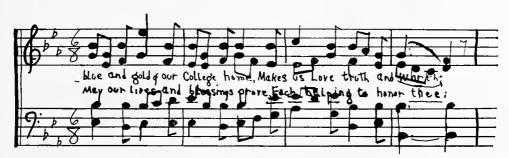
1. Good night. Annual gone to press and Staff to bed.



Alma Mater.

























JOKES

Virginia Caldwell: "They giggled when I sat down to the piano; but when I began to play the lessons I learned from the Sure Fire Correspondence School, they laughed out

Doctor: "Has there been any insanity in your family?" Mrs. Church: "Well, my husband thinks he's boss."

Dr. Mackey walked up to a small negro boy who was sitting on the curb trying to eat an exceedingly large watermelon, but who was not making very much headway. "Too much watermelon, isn't there, Rastus?' he remarked. "Nossuh, boss," responded the small black boy—"not enough nigger."

Miss Pittman: "Who fiddled when Rome burned?"

Ruth Chunn: "Hector."
Miss Pittman: "No."
Ruth: "Towser."

Miss Pittman: "Towser! What do you mean? It was Nero."

Ruth: "Well, I knew it was somebody with a dog's name."

CAMPUS ECHOES

"Where's Miss Pittman?"

"What's on at the show?"

"Lets go to town."

"Is the package list up yet?"

"Is Cleo going to open the store?"

"Isn't Dorothy Lane through eating yet?"

"Has the bell rung?" "Is that the breakfast bell?"

"I haven't cracked the book." "I know I passed-out."

"Did I get a special?" "Martha, look in my box."

"What are we going to have for dessert?" "Let's dance at the gym. "Save your forks for pie,"

"Will the following girls please report to my office----?"

Sara: "Pego's bet me fifty cents she'd have a date with a football man." Dorothy: "Well, did she?" Sara: "Yes, and she gets the half back."

Miss Pittman: "Who was Homer?"

"Jot:" "Homer ain't a 'who.' It's the 'what' that made Babe Ruth famous."

Professor Goodrich: "The window should be opened. [Louder] Miss McWillians, will you open it?"

Eacie (waking up): "I'll open it for four bits."

Elsie Lee: "Mabel says she thinks I'm a wit."

Mag: "Well, she's half right."

Mary M.: "Why did Mr. Cooke fire Mabel?"

Andy: "He sent her for a list of all the men of note in town, and she came back with a list of musicians."

> Mariebeth stood on the railroad track; the train was coming fast; The train got off the railroad track to let Miss Tatum pass.

Dell: "What's the difference between a mouse and a co-ed?"

Mary Turner: "One harms the cheese, and the other charms the he's."

PROVERBS

Love is like death. It either means heaven or competition. Pretty girls are rushed incessantly; others have hope chests.

The hope chest—a relic of the days when a man married for a wife; when marriage was an institution, not a destitution.



THINGS WE ARE NOT SURPRISED AT

Peggy's daily letter from "Doug."
"Birdie" Hamilton having indigestion.
Lora Lee hailing Mr. Cooke.
To meet Martha Ayres at the P. O.
"Wallace's" invitation to basketball banquet.
The Kappa Sig emblems on the campus.
Mrs. Beckett announces orchestra practice.
The Beauties looking beautiful.
Miss Parker's frequent visits to Birmingham.
Sara's special from "Barney."

Miss Werncke's "endearing terms."
Prunes for lunch.
No hot water on Saturday nights.
Grits for breakfast.
Lila Wray's car refusing to be cranked.
Beans for dinner.
Dr. Boggs has adopted a "Son" (?).
The faculty six on a party.
"Rat" Hill winning the short-story prize.
Mary Ellis hungry.

THINGS THAT SURPRISE US

Elsie Hall getting peeved. Memorie Gray Holt passed in French III. Professor Cooke settling down. Grace Haley closed a door when leaving a room. Mariebeth with her hair up at breakfast. Mildred Caldwell was ready to leave the table with the rest. "Mag" Briggs reducing.
"The Prince of Wales" still likes to ride horseback. "Becca" Fennel in a hurry. "Mamma" can endure separation from her "children." Dorothy Lane in a red dress. Sophomores let the co-eds make the highest grade in English. Professor Goodrich speaking in a soft voice. "Three" Seniors think they can patronize drug stores at night. Margaret Young Wall getting a "permanent." Mabel Orr taking a holiday. Myra's physical condition permitting breakfast at 7 o'clock. The Senior Class off their dignity. Dr. Mackey's interpretation of "The Most Modern Girl." Faye Coates arrived at class on time. "Red" Richard's knowledge of operations. That Emily Neville likes Wordsworth's "Ode on Intimations of Immorality."

JOKES

Lives of Seniors all remind us
That they have not lived in vain;
For although they're going to leave us,
Their notebooks will still remain.

Miss Werneke: "What are pauses?" "Bo": "They grow on cats."

Clara: "He looked terribly silly when he proposed to me."

Virginia: "No wonder. Look at the silly thing he was doing!"

When Cupid hits the mark, he usually Mrs. it.

Noah was so opposed to gambling that he sat on the deck all day.

Miss Bourne: "What makes your room-

mate look so sad?"

Mary M.: "Well, she believes that ignorance is bliss, and she is trying to imitate a wise guy."

Sara Gay: "What would you give for a voice like mine?"
Miss Yearly: "Chloroform."

Nan: "Mag looks like a million tonite." Jean: "I know, but she's only nineteen."





DOWNFALL

EOPLE wondered—at least, people who had come to shady old Argenta in the past thirty years wondered. Some of the old people in the town understood why the old Crosser house, back in the cedars, was so still, so gloomy, that even Betty Crosser, gay little eighteen-year-old butterfly that she was, could not liven it up, and always sought her pleasures away from home. Those graybeards knew the tragedy in the Crosser family, and the reason for the strange friendship between Betty's dignified old father and the taciturn, soured man who, as James Sawyer, had eked out a small living there for years by practicing law.

Yes, there was certainly something spooky about that old house. School girls were inclined to run past, giggling at their own foolish fears, or else cross to the other side of the street, saying that it made them feel creepy. It was a very respectable brick house, of no particular style, but in keeping with Mr. Henry Crosser's high place in the community. The hedges looked moth-eaten, though, and the whole place had an air of sadness; even the shutters sagged on their hinges and the ivy drooped around the door

as though it were trying to hide something within.

Betty hated the place, especially since her mother had died five years before. When questioned why she seemed to abhor it so, she said: "O, I don't know. It's just so gloomy and"—she laughed nervously—"but you couldn't budge dad out of the place with dynamite. He's absolutely as fixed there as that old iron dog that's waiting for his master's return." The truth was that Betty knew that there was something that preyed on her father's mind that he would not tell her, and because she loved him so she was worried. Of course she knew that her mother's death and the long decline that preceded it had broken him, and she had vaguely resented that mood in him, and somehow felt, young as she was when it happened, that it had been the cause of her mother's death. The whole atmosphere was so opposed to her mother's happy, loving, care-free nature that, after years of trying to dispel the gloom and throw sunlight into the darkened rooms of the old house and of her husband's heart, she had given up the task. But she had never complained; and when she died, she only looked into Betty's eyes and said: "Remember that I love you always, and do try to make daddy happy."

She was gone, and now there was only Betty to bring sunshine, though there was hardly any one better suited to do just that—Betty, who had always loved laughter, pretty clothes, parties. And now jazz, dancing, and fast automobiles she loved, with now and then a cigarette "to settle her nerves," or a drink "for excitement," as she said, though she really did it because "all the rest of the crowd were doing it." The hoys termed her a "darn good sport," admiring her skill in driving seventy-five miles an hour and effectively dodging everything—of course, not counting chickens, and pigs, and such things that will get in the way. And then they fell in love with her beauty and charming ways. The girls said that she was "adorable," and "perfectly precious," and so on, and wondered how much she paid for her clothes. They sometimes became furiously jealous of her over Sam, or Bill, or some one else, but always forgave her and proceeded to invite her to the next luncheon, because, like flowers and decorations, she was needed to grace the scene, and then one really couldn't stay mad at a girl like Betty. One night Betty came in earlier than usual. She flung her fur coat across the bed

One night Betty came in earlier than usual. She flung her fur coat across the bed and fell on top of it, her fists clenched. She felt that she had come to the crisis, and there was no one to turn to. She was tired, tired—tired of parties, tired of running, chasing pleasures, running to get away from the gloom that seemed to be ruining her home. There wasn't a car fast enough, not even Bert's new LaSalle roadster, that could outrun that gloom. Even Bert had protested at the speed she was going, whereupon she had gotten furious at him for objecting. O, how silly she had been! Dear Bert, who had told her that he loved her, and whom she knew that she loved better than any one else in the world—yes, even dad—he was so queer. In a few more minutes the new roadster would probably have been over an embankment and she and Bert would have been killed. Yet she had gotten mad when he said: "For gosh sakes, Bet, you can't keep the speedometer at eighty and keep on this side of the river!" O,





what was she to do? What was the matter with her? She felt that she wanted to scream and scream until she was hoarse and weak. She suddenly sat up in bed, tense, a peculiar gleam in her eyes. Morphine! That was the solution to her problem. Jean, one of her friends, had taken some once and had described it all vividly. Jean had done it just to see what it would be like and to get a new "kick." Surely that would be a new "kick," and then she felt she really needed it.

Plans formed in Betty's quick brain. She would go to Nance for it! She gave an involuntary shudder at the thought of old Nance, who had been a dope fiend for years.

O, but she'd never be like that! It was only for this once.

Betty jumped up, put on an old coat, and pulled down her rain hat over her wavy, black hair. She did not even take off her evening dress. With Betty, to think was to act. She slipped out of the house without any trouble, for her father was in the library with the strange Mr. Sawyer. "And that is another queer thing," she puzzled. "What can they have in common—two men so unlike? One, fine-looking, in spite of his breaking, showing his once fine physique; and the other, a wizened little man with sparse, red hair, sprinkled with gray, who never has a smile for any one." She was glad that her father seemed to find some pleasure in his company, though they sat for hours and

rarely spoke. It was just one more thing that she couldn't understand.

But Betty did not have time to stop. She walked toward the worst part of town, where tumble-down shacks tottered on the river bank. She wouldn't admit to herself that she was frightened, but the shadows were unfriendly. She slipped along quietly, going across the muddy flats, when a dark form loomed ahead, and was all the more terrible because it was shapeless. She half suppressed a scream and turned to run, when at her outcry a head turned toward her, silhouetted against a wavery light from a shack—a head with horns. Betty almost fainted with relief. It was only a cow! Twice she stumbled and almost fell, her foot sinking into the soft ooze; but she finally reached Nance's hut. She stepped to the door and called softly: "Nance!" Some one grumblingly pushed open the two planks used for a door and peered out. There Nance stood, the embodiment of all that was repulsive and the symbol of womanhood degenerated to its lowest. For a moment Betty's resolution wavered, but she quickly pulled herself together and stepped in.

Nance was under the influence of a recent dose, and she grinned, showing two long, discolored teeth protruding over one side of her lower lip. Her face was so shriveled that it resembled yellowed leather—rather soiled leather, too. For warmth she wore a long, brown coat that almost swept the floor and was stained and frayed on the edges. It looked ridiculous on her small body. Her dress was faded to no particular color, and was very muddy around the hem. She was such a thing as nightmares are made of as she stood grinning. In her hand was a bone she had found in some garbage can, while around the room lay other refuse from the same source that had furnished meals in the past. Looking at her, Betty wondered if the woman were really human and had a soul. Could anything touch some forgotten chord in her heart and lead her to do a kind act? Was she capable of it, or had she descended so low that she was only a broken body with a fragment of mind still left to control it? Betty wondered. She tried to imagine this woman being kind to something, caring for a child, perhaps, and shuddered at the thought. No! She was not capable of it. Did Betty know, though?

Nance looked at her, with the peculiarly wild gleam of a dope fiend in her eyes. Betty spoke nervously. "Er—might I get some—" she spoke hurriedly, trying not to see all the repulsiveness about her—"some dope, you know? Please, I must have it—can you let me have just one shot?" Betty was fast turning sick, and was on the point of falling, when with a screech Nance sprang to her and set her on a box covered with bright posters from a drug-store window. Nance quickly gave her the dose; and as Betty began to revive and the "dope" to take effect, she talked to Betty. "Yes," she squeaked, "they try to take me to a 'sylum, but they can't get me there. I'm not long to stay here now, anyway. He, he!" Nance rocked in her mirth. Then she sat in thoughtful silence, looking at Betty. To keep Nance from staring at her like that, Betty said: "Nance. why on earth don't you patch that awful-looking hole in your roof?"

"Nance, why on earth don't you patch that awful-looking hole in your roof?"

"He, he!" laughed Nance, in a cracked voice. "Well, whin it's raining, I can't; so I jest sets in the corner—haven't got nothing to get hurt, anyway; and when the sun's





shining, they ain't no use." And Betty was positively alarmed. Nance laughed at her own cleverness.

Betty's courage and spirits now returned, and her head was beginning to whirl with excitement. Her pulses throbbed, and she was ready to dare anything. She rose, placed some money in Nance's shriveled hand, and was starting out, when Nance put her hand on Betty's own. Betty turned angrily to push her away. Nance said, quietly, pathetically, in quite a sane manner, "Be careful, little girl. Don't let it get 'cha. I was once like you," and let her go. Betty laughed hysterically and rushed out.

Betty's brain seethed, and it was no wonder that when a low-slung car stopped beside her as she walked home and a voice from within inquired, "Give you a lift?" she got in without hesitation. When the figure closed the door for her, she turned and recognized the manager of Argenta's new hotel. She despised him, though the rest of the crowd had taken him in. His face was too smooth-shaven, his hair too slick, and his manner too suave. He had seemed drawn to her in spite of her dislike for him. He had asked her for a date the first time he had met her, and hardly ten minutes later. O, yes, a fast worker was Bailey! And he secretly considered himself so. But Betty didn't care now. She was supremely happy and wanted excitement. Smiling, Bailey turned toward her, slid his arm across her shoulders, and firmly drew her to him. He never wasted time. She nestled close and smiled up at him. Bailey was surprised and gratified. Never before had she been responsive. It filled him with a feeling of power.

"Where to, sweetheart?" he said.

"O, it doesn't matter really," Betty laughed.

"O, then, let's go to the devil!" and he stepped on the gas. "We'll go to the Blue Lantern. How about it, little one?"

"O, let's do! They have such marvelous music, and—" but Betty was interrupted

unceremoniously by a kiss, and, instead of pushing him away, she submitted.

They soon drew up in front of the Blue Lantern and ran up the steps. Bailey whirled her away to the mad rhythm of the orchestra. A figure in the corner started when they flashed past, Betty's head on Bailey's shoulder. The figure was Bert, and with him was Betty's friend, Jean, to whom he had gone for solace after Betty's out-burst. Jean saw her, too, and realized that something was wrong. That wild light in her eyes startled her. Betty seemed absolutely unconscious of their presence. Jean

gave Bert a quick glance.
"The little fool!" she whispered. "Bert, do you realize that Betty isn't herself? I believe that I know what is the matter with her, though I never would have expected it. Bert, she won't last long. What can we do?" The morphine was taking effect. The first sensation had left, and now she was becoming drowsy. When the significance of Jean's words came to Bert, he would have dashed in among the dancers and taken Betty away by force, but Jean stopped him. "Bert," she said, guardedly—"Bert, you can't do that. It would only cause a scene. The management would put you out before you could whistle, and the gossip would involve not only you, but Betty. She is safe in here now. You must wait, Bert, if only for her sake."

Just then they saw Bailey, his arm around Betty to support her, go out the door. Bert, telling Jean to follow, paid the bill and followed the couple out. He came upon Bailey trying to help Betty into the car.

Bert hissed at Bailey's shoulder.

Betty sat down suddenly on the running board, and Bert pinioned Bailey's arms behind him. Bert's football practice served him well, for he quickly laid Bailey, groaning, on the ground. In the meantime Jean had come up and was leading Betty to Bert's car. Bert saw that Bailey was only stunned; and, getting Betty into the car, he quickly

When they reached Betty's home, all the house was still and dark and the wind moaning around its corners. Bert picked Betty up in his arms, as he would have done a baby, and he and Jean quietly carried her up to her room. All his love for her swept over him as he laid her down. Suddenly he leaned over and kissed her on her forehead, and then turned and ran down the steps.

Betty swore that she would never again take morphine, but after a few days a desire





for it became so overpowering that a second time she found her way to Nance's. And so it went. She drifted down. A thousand times she swore off, only to be forced to it again.

One night, driven nearly wild as she realized how the habit was gripping her, with no power to stop, she made her way to Nance's shack. She found Nance very near death, for she had been taking larger and larger doses as she clung desperately to life. Scarcely had she stepped inside the door, when a car drew up in front, and three figures jumped out and filed into the door. Betty cringed. It was Bert, her father, and Mr.

Sawyer! Then she flung herself on her father, crying piteously.
"O, daddy, daddy! You've come too late! It's already gotten it's grip on me, and I

can't break loose!"
"Betty!" whispered the old woman on the bed, and they turned suddenly to Nance— "Betty, I have something to tell you. I couldn't bear to see you go on as I have gone. Since the first few doses I have mixed some harmless stuff, and your last potion didn't have any dope at all in it." There was a beautiful smile in Nance's eyes, and for a moment they lost their wildness. She looked first at Mr. Sawyer, then at Mr. Crosser. "I have saved Betty for you," she whispered to Mr. Crosser. She stretched out her hands—one to her sweetheart and one to her hrother—and the once lovely Nancy Crosser, the belle of Argenta, passed into her last sleep.

After a few moments, Mr. Crosser turned to find Betty, but she had gone. Betty and Bert had slipped out of the door, and the fast roadster was going slowly along a

meonlit road.

MARION D. HILL, '31.





ACT V RIVERS ACADEMY

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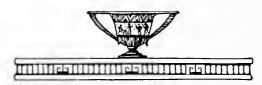
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SENIORS

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SENIORS

EVELYN REED GRAY MAE LUKER Elizabeth Malone Mary Lou Maples ELIZABETH MORELOCK LOUISE WHITE



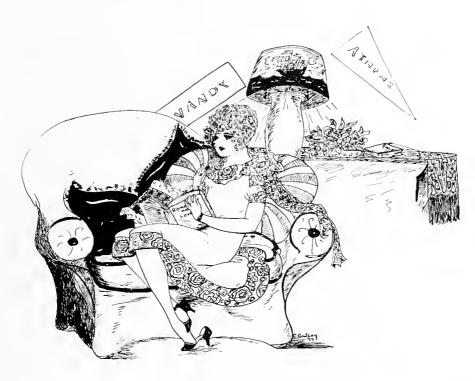


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Madge Ellen McDonald Margaret Rosenau Elizabeth Salmons Isabelle Simmons Louise White







JUNIORS







JUNIOR CLASS

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JULIET CANNON
ROSAMOND HARLLEE
LOUISE JOHNSTON

CATHERINE MARTIN
KITTYE BELLE McCormick
CLARA MAE RILEY
FRANCES SALMONS

Mary Nelle Smith Gladys Swafford Katherine White Josephine Brock







SOPHOMORES





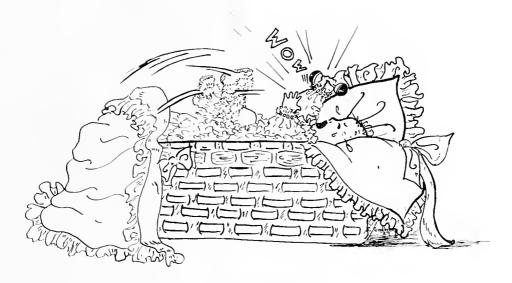


SOPHOMORE CLASS

Audrey Beason Frankie Brown CHERIE GIERS VIRGINIA GRASSE Louise Sarver







FRESHMEN







FRESHMAN CLASS

LUELLA CHAMBERS
MATTIE DAVISON
CAROLYN FRYE
BESSIE GARRETT BALL
ZULEIKA GLAZE
ANNIE FRANCES HIGHTOWER

Martha Hightower
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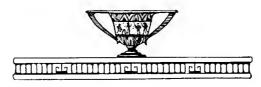






BASKETBALL TEAM

Elizabeth Morelock								Forward						
CLARA MAE RILEY		,				-								Forward
MABEL WHEELER .														, Center
RUTH ELLIOT							,				,			Running Center
Rosalind Boggs													,	. Guard
KATHERINE WHITE							,						,	Guard
KATHERINE ALLBRIGHT													Gu	iard







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Above—Tennis Club

Below-Horseback Riders' Club









Above—HIKING CLUB

Below-Scouts





RESUMÉ OF ACADEMY ORGANIZATIONS

N RIVERS ACADEMY we go side by side in our athletics, clubs, and organizations with the college.

There are two literary societies, the Irving and the Harris. The meetings are held bimonthly. Debates and other interesting features are held throughout the year.

We think that we have one of the finest basketball teams ever. They are noted for their fair play and quickness. Many interesting games are held with out-of-town teams. The Academy boosters are ever ready with their pep and yells.

The Tennis Club is composed of all who play tennis. At the end of the year an interesting tournament is held.

The Swimming Club is one of the most enjoyable to the Academy girls. It must be because we have so many good swimmers. At one of the swimming contests the Academy came out victorious.

Horseback riding is enjoyed by all, and the girls may be seen galloping over the country lanes on many a day when the weather is fair.

Last, but by no means least, comes the Scouts. Every girl who wishes a good time is taken into this organization. We go on outings of all kinds; and when the weather is good, we go to the Boy Scout camp on Elk River to spend the night.

We are a wide-awake bunch of girls, who like both work and play.

L. WHITE, '29.





















JOKES

Miss Lee: "Mabel Ann, what is an allegory?"

Ann: "A prehistoric animal."

Evelyn Reed: "I pulled a dumb one last night."

Elise: "What?"

Evelyn Reed: "I asked Sid where he got that terrible tie he had on, and he informed me I gave it to him last Christmas."

Here's to the teachers! Long may they live, Even as long as the lessons they give.

Joe Brock: "Who was Booker T. Washington?" Clara Mae: "It was George Washington's father." Joe Brock: "H-m, I didn't think you'd know."

Mrs. Simmons: "Name a liquid that won't freeze."
Katherine Martin: "Hot water."

Frankie: "I'm sorry you're glad I'm mad at you."
Juliet: "And I'm glad you're sorry I'm glad."

Nellie James: "O, Pauline, I just saw Lindbergh go by!" Pauline: "O, yeah! When did he swim the channel?"

Porter: "Do you all wish to sleep head first or feet first?" Kat. White: "I prefer to take all of my sleep at once."

Miss Lee: "Stop pounding that typewriter! You'll drive me crazy."

Ann: "Well, if a girl ean't typewrite in her own room, then I'd like to know if a girl's room is her palace."

Miss Lee: "Yes, but who wants to typewrite in a palace?"

Lib Morelock: "I lose all of my handkerchiefs playing the piano."

Louise Anderson: "That's where I get all of mine."

Miss Ramos: "Rosamond, what is a nature poet?"

Rosamond: "One that is born that way."





EPILOGUE Alumnae Association

		·		
	*			

Maid of Athens



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THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

HE alumnæ Association of Athens College, which is a very active organization, is always ready to back the college in all of its undertakings. It is a very important agency in the development of the college.

The local chapter of the Athens College Alumnæ Association has held its monthly meetings on the first Tuesday of every month in the main reception room of Founder's Hall. During the current school year extensive plans have been made to complete payment on the large pipe organ which this association chapter presented to the college four years ago. Their activities have included rummage sales, oyster and turkey dinners, Kiwanis meals, sponsoring the picture, "The Fool," Birmingham-Southern Glee Club, a Christmas seals book, and an operetta. Something over a thousand dollars has resulted from these untiring efforts, and the total indebtedness of the chapter has been cared for.

Another evidence of their generosity is found in the prize of twenty dollars in gold given to the best music student at the close of the school year. Pledges to the endowment campaign of this college greatly facilitated the local total. The chapter was divided into groups, which canvassed the business section of Athens. Personal subscriptions and letters to friends who were interested supplemented the total.



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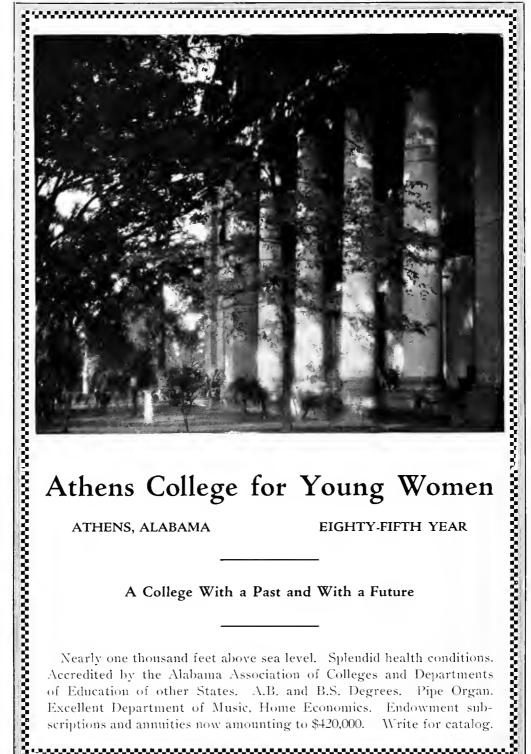
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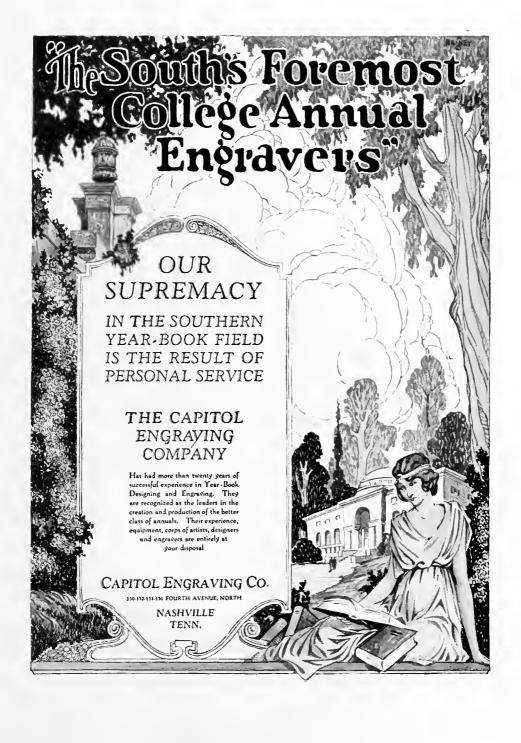
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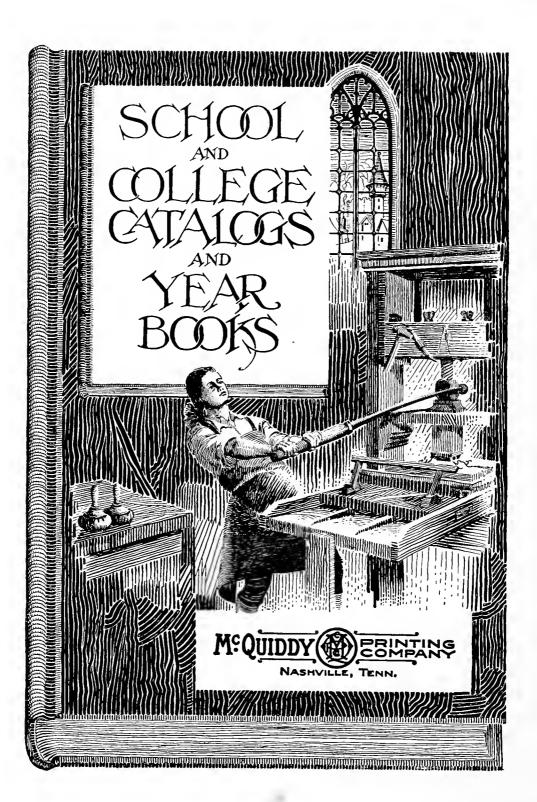
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